MARVEL
THE PUNISHER
GUEST STARRING
DAREDEVIL
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10
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AUTHORITY

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STAN LEE PRESENTS:

THE PUNISHER

ZUMATRIN
ZUMATRIN
MRS. FIELDING WAS PRONOUNCED DEAD AT THE SCENE. THIS BRINGS TO FOUR THE NUMBER OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE DIED OF CYANIDE POISONING, FROM TAMPERED BOTTLES OF ZUMATRIN.
THE ZUM CORPORATION IS PULLING ZUMATRIN FROM THE SHELVES. IF YOU HAVE ANY ZUMATRIN, PLEASE BRING IT TO THE POINT OF PURCHASE...
PUNISHER'S WAR JOURNAL! SOME CREEP'S GOT A MAD ON FOR THE ZUM CORPORATION. I'VE GOT A MAD ON FOR THE CREEP. FOUR DEAD AND COUNTING. THE VICTIMS WERE LOOKING FOR RELIEF.
THE BRONX
QUEENS
BROOKLYN
I'LL GIVE THEM RELIEF.
SINCE KILLERS TOOK MY FAMILY FROM ME I'VE MADE IT MY JOB TO DEAL WITH CRIMINALS
THIS CREEP LIKES TO KEEP HIS BUSINESS IN QUEENS. IT'S A RACE—HOW MANY CAN HE KILL BEFORE I NAIL HIM?

MIKE BARON
writer

WHILCE PORTACIO
penciler

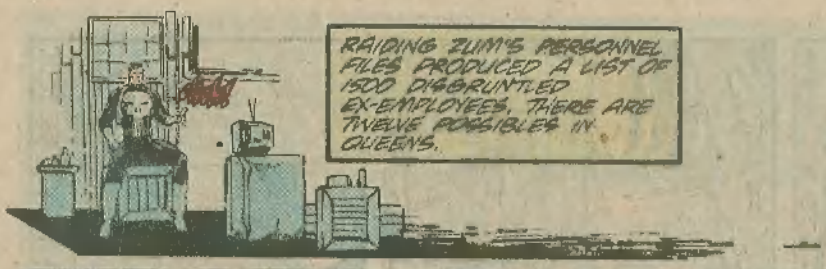
SCOTT WILLIAMS
inker

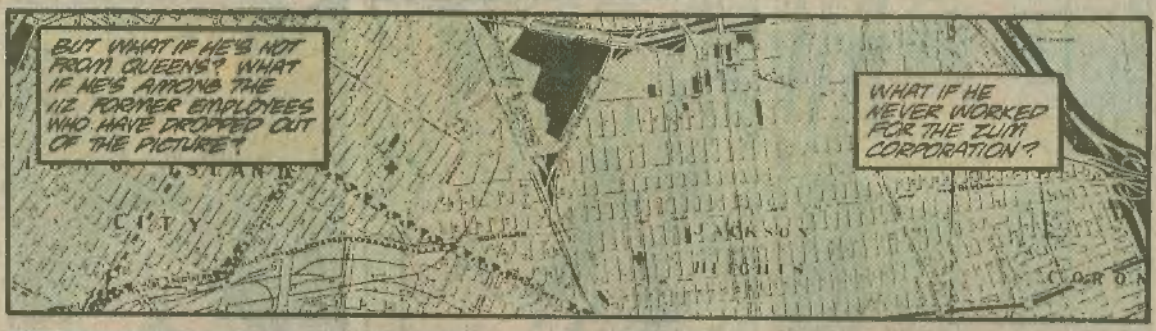
KEN BRUZENAK
letterer

JOHN WELLINGTON
colorist

CARL POTTS
editor

TOM DeFALCO
looks bad in tights

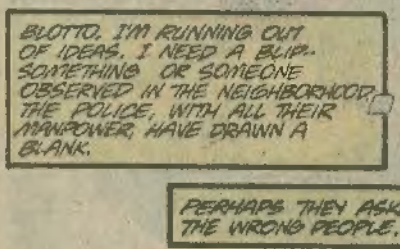

RAIDING ZUM'S PERSONNEL FILES PRODUCED A LIST OF 1500 DISGRUNTLED EX-EMPLOYEES. THERE ARE TWELVE POSSIBLES IN QUEENS.

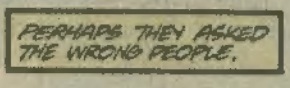

BUT WHAT IF HE'S NOT FROM QUEENS? WHAT IF HE'S AMONG THE 112 FORMER EMPLOYEES WHO HAVE DROPPED OUT OF THE PICTURE?
WHAT IF HE NEVER WORKED FOR THE ZUM CORPORATION?

I'M DEALING WITH A PSYCHOPATH-- A COLD PERSONALITY-- A CANCER LOOSE IN SOCIETY'S BELLY.

HERE IS MY SCALPEL.

BUT I MUST LOCATE THE PROBLEM. I ELIMINATE THE WOMEN. THAT LEAVES EIGHT. I CROSS-REFERENCE FOR TIES TO THE CHEMICAL INDUSTRY, NOT THAT CYANIDE'S DIFFICULT TO GET.


BLOTTO. I'M RUNNING OUT OF IDEAS. I NEED A BLIP- SOMETHING OR SOMEONE OBSERVED IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD. THE POLICE, WITH ALL THEIR MANPOWER, HAVE DRAWN A BLANK.


PERHAPS THEY ASKED THE WRONG PEOPLE.

HELLO. JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES?

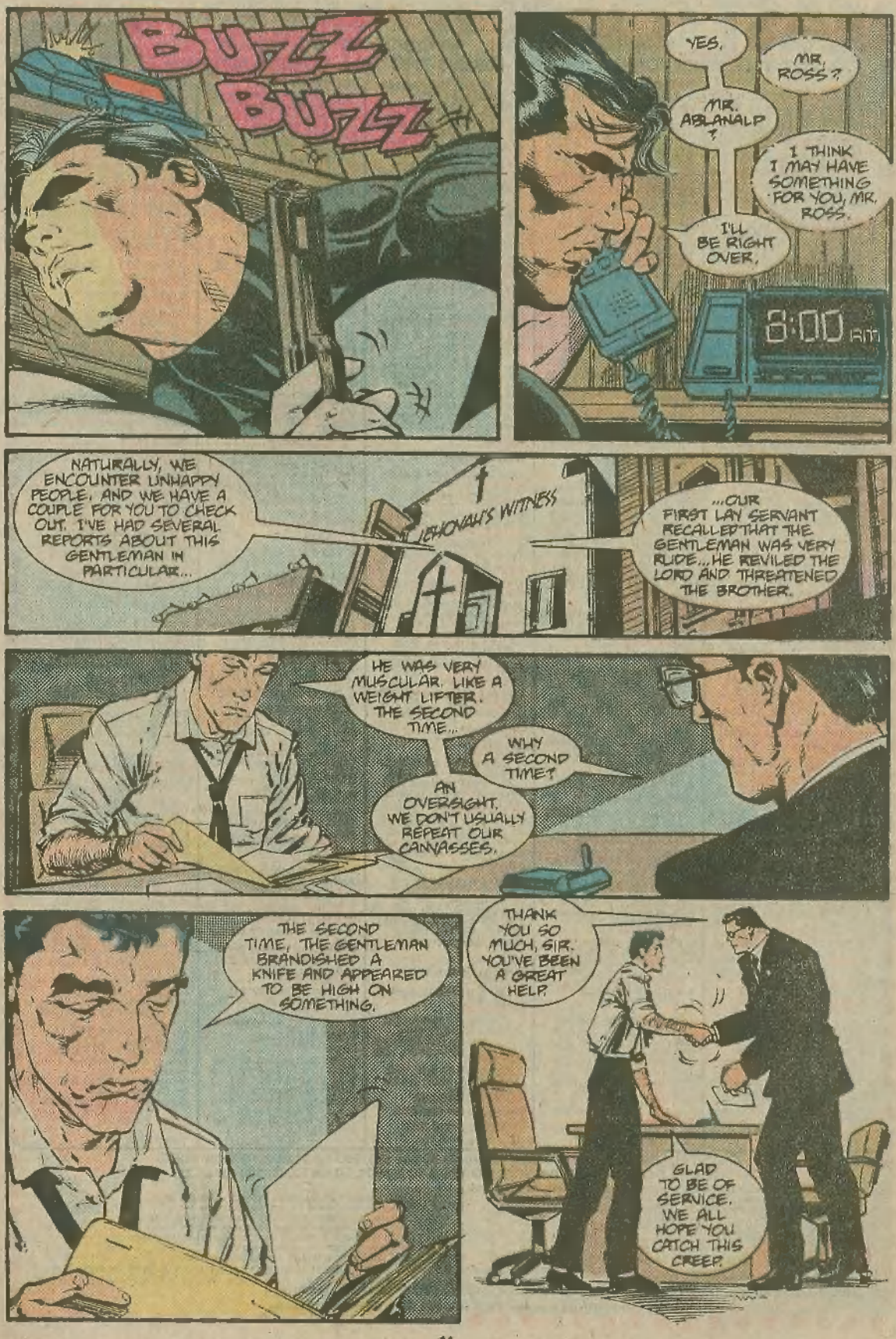
...FIFTY-SEVEN
...FIFTY-EIGHT
...FIFTY-NINE...
...SIXTY!
ALRIGHT, ABS NEXT, ONE HUNDRED REPS.
CLANK!
BAM! BAM!
SHUT THE @#$%&! UP!
OH, YEAH?
OH, YEAH?

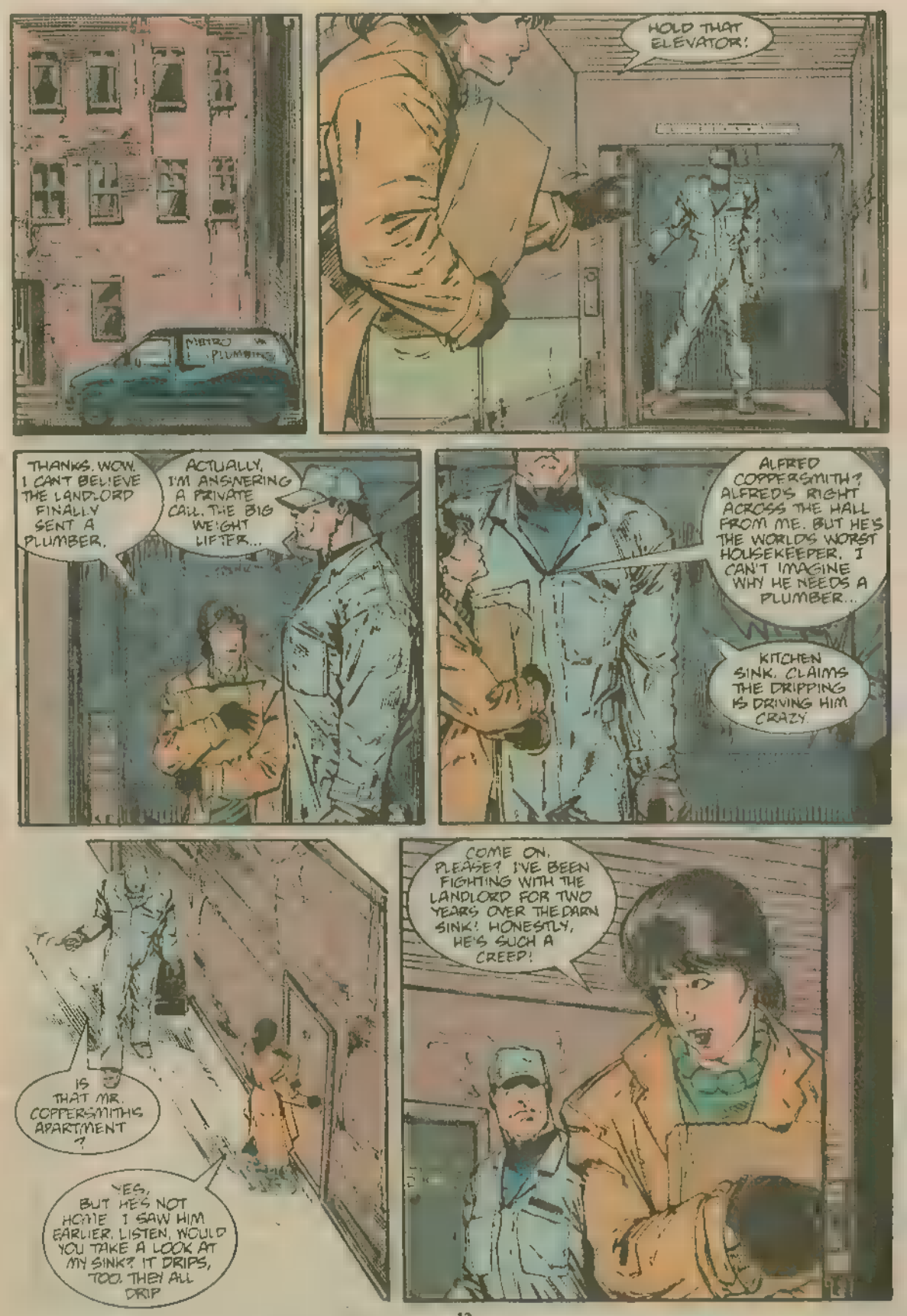
YOU GOT A COMPLAINT, DIPHEAD? YOU WANT TO COME OUT HERE AND TELL ME ABOUT IT?
YOU'D BETTER BACK OFF OR I'M GONNA CALL THE COPS!
52
BAM!
52
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.
THE ZUM CORPORATION IS PULLING ZUMATRIN FROM THE SHELVES. IF YOU HAVE ANY ZUMATRIN, PLEASE BRING IT TO THE POINT OF PURCHASE...
...FORTY... FORTY-ONE... FORTY-TWO...
MORONS.
THEY THINK ZUMATRIN IS THE ONLY THING THEY MAKE?
SPARKLE MOUTHWASH

KNOCK KNOCK
ALFRED? IT'S CINDY.
WAIT A SECOND.
I'M KIND OF BUSY RIGHT NOW...
I HEARD YOU YELLING AT POOR OLD MR. BATES. YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED. ALL YOU ARE DOING IS PUMPING IRON. YOU NEED TO DO SOMETHING, ALFRED. YOU NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE.
LOOK AT THIS PLACE!
NOW LOOK, CINDY, I APPRECIATE YOUR CONCERN, BUT JUST BECAUSE WE HAD DINNER DOESN'T GIVE YOU THE RIGHT TO BARGE IN HERE AND TELL ME HOW TO LIVE MY LIFE.
CINDY, I'M BUSY. I'LL TALK TO YOU LATER.
IS IT MY BREATH?
SPARKLENE
FLUORIDE

WHAT IS YOUR AFFILIATION, MR. ROSS?
PRODUCT TAMPERING IS A FEDERAL OFFENSE.
JEHOVAH'S WITNESS
MR. ABLANAP, I KNOW THIS IS UNUSUAL, BUT WE'RE DESPERATE. THIS NUT IS LIKELY TO STRIKE AGAIN AND SOON. WE'RE LOOKING FOR A HIGHLY DISTURBED INDIVIDUAL...YOU PEOPLE HAVE CANVASSED QUEENS THOROUGHLY...
FEDERAL AGENT
EXPIRES SEP 06 1989
FA#30835 FDA
TONY KNOWLEN FOS
8254 FIRST ST
NEW YORK, NY 1001
NONE
...I WONDER, MR. ABLANAP, IF YOU COULD ASK YOUR PEOPLE ABOUT ANY SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS...
THAT COULD TAKE SOME TIME.
WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME, SIR.
WELL, OF COURSE I'LL GET RIGHT ON IT. IF WE PUT EVERYONE ON THE PHONES, I SHOULD HAVE... WHATEVER THERE IS TO HAVE IN A COUPLE OF DAYS.
I'LL BE IN TOUCH, IF YOU LEARN OF ANYTHING, PHONE ME AT THIS NUMBER, ANY TIME OF DAY OR NIGHT.
I WILL, MR. ROSS.
PLEASE DON'T LET ANYONE ELSE HAVE THIS NUMBER.
CERTAINLY NOT.
I'M CLOSING IN, I'M GETTING THOSE PREDATORY VIBES.
NOTHING TO DO NOW BUT GO BACK TO THE WAREHOUSE AND WAIT AND READ MY BOOK, POE MUST DIE BY MARK OLDEN.

OUR REPORTER ...ICITED THE FOLLOWING COMMENTS FROM DAREDEVIL AS THE MASKED VIGILANTE WAS LEAVING THE POLICE STATION AFTER TURNING IN THREE ALLEGED DRUG DEALERS.
DAREDEVIL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE STRING OF ZUM POISONINGS, AND ARE YOU GOING TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT?
I AM ADDRESSING WHOEVER HAS BEEN PLACING CYANIDE-LACED MEDICINES IN QUEENS...
...PLEASE, STOP DOING THIS AND TURN YOURSELF IN. WHATEVER GRIEVANCE YOU HAVE WITH THE ZUM CORPORATION, I PROMISE TO DO MY BEST TO SEE THAT YOU GET A FULL AND IMPARTIAL HEARING.
"OL' HORNYHEAD," AS HE IS LOVINGLY REFERRED TO BY HIS GORRUMED CRONIES. EVER THE OPTIMIST, I ADMIRE HIS SPIRIT, BUT HIS ENDLESSLY SELF-DEFEATING LIBERALISM IS BENEATH CONTEMPT. THEY NEVER LEARN.
...IMPARTIAL HEARING.
YOU NEVER LEARN, DO YOU?
TURN MYSELF IN... @#%?! I'LL SEE THAT CORPORATION BANKRUPT YET!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO DEAL WITH THIS CREEP
I TURN IN. WAITING MAKES ME SLEEPY.


BUZZ
BUZZ
YES,
MR. ROSS?
MR. ABLANALP?
I THINK I MAY HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU, MR. ROSS.
I'LL BE RIGHT OVER.
8:00 AM
NATURALLY, WE ENCOUNTER UNHAPPY PEOPLE, AND WE HAVE A COUPLE FOR YOU TO CHECK OUT. I'VE HAD SEVERAL REPORTS ABOUT THIS GENTLEMAN IN PARTICULAR...
JEHOVAH'S WITNESS
...OUR FIRST LAY SERVANT RECALLED THAT THE GENTLEMAN WAS VERY RUDE... HE REVILED THE LORD AND THREATENED THE BROTHER.
HE WAS VERY MUSCULAR, LIKE A WEIGHT LIFTER. THE SECOND TIME...
WHY A SECOND TIME?
AN OVERSIGHT. WE DON'T USUALLY REPEAT OUR CANVASSES.
THE SECOND TIME, THE GENTLEMAN BRANDISHED A KNIFE AND APPEARED TO BE HIGH ON SOMETHING.
THANK YOU SO MUCH, SIR. YOU'VE BEEN A GREAT HELP.
GLAD TO BE OF SERVICE. WE ALL HOPE YOU CATCH THIS CREEP.


METRO PLUMBING
HOLD THAT ELEVATOR!
THANKS. WOW. I CAN'T BELIEVE THE LANDLORD FINALLY SENT A PLUMBER.
ACTUALLY, I'M ANSWERING A PRIVATE CALL. THE BIG WEIGHT LIFTER...
ALFRED COPPERSMITH? ALFRED'S RIGHT ACROSS THE HALL FROM ME. BUT HE'S THE WORLD'S WORST HOUSEKEEPER. I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY HE NEEDS A PLUMBER...
KITCHEN SINK. CLAIMS THE DRIPPING IS DRIVING HIM CRAZY.
IS THAT MR. COPPERSMITH'S APARTMENT?
YES, BUT HE'S NOT HOME. I SAW HIM EARLIER. LISTEN, WOULD YOU TAKE A LOOK AT MY SINK? IT DRIPS, TOO. THEY ALL DRIP
COME ON, PLEASE? I'VE BEEN FIGHTING WITH THE LANDLORD FOR TWO YEARS OVER THE DARN SINK! HONESTLY, HE'S SUCH A CREEP!

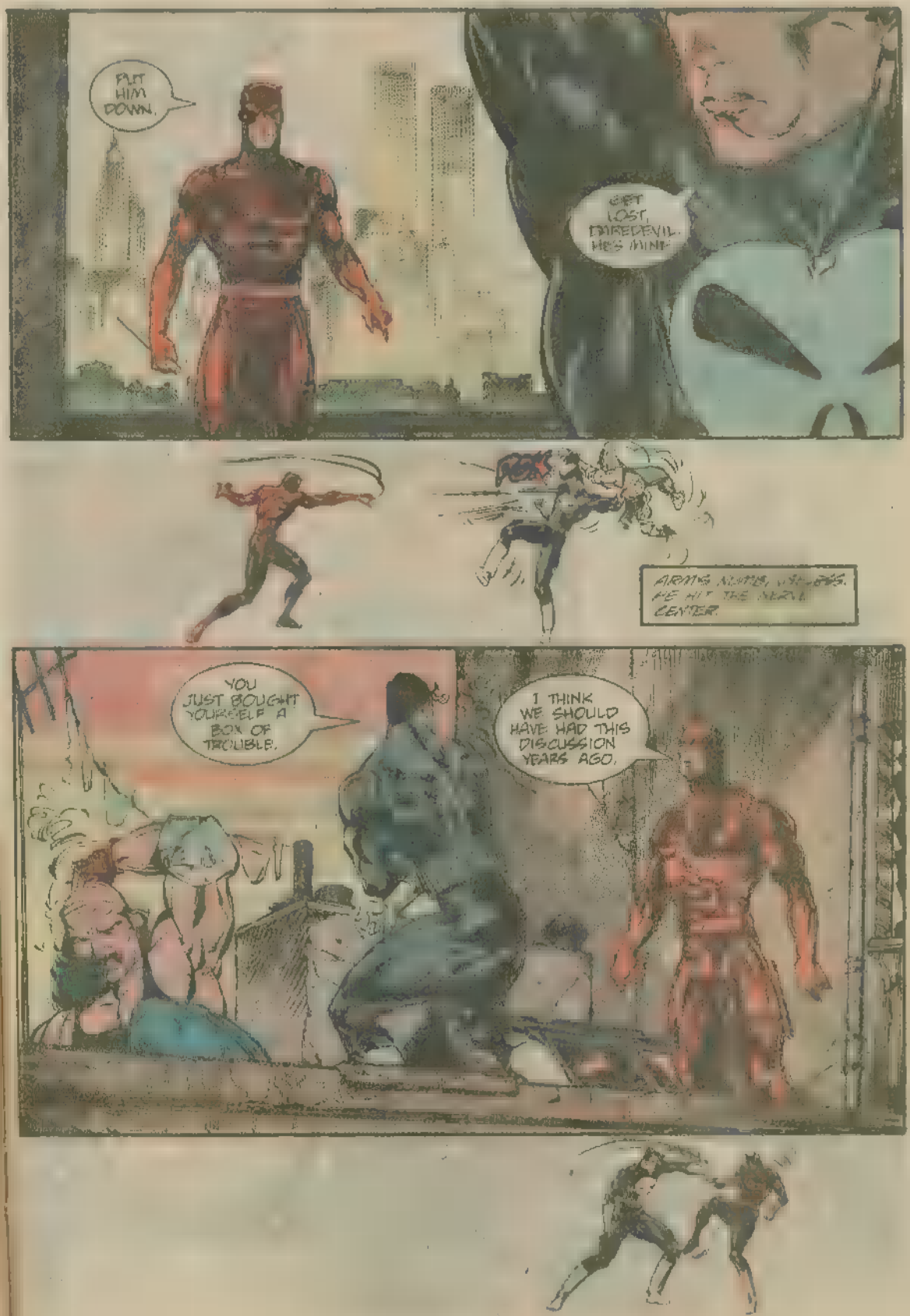
YOU'VE GOT A LEAK DOWN HERE, IN THE TRAP. I THINK I'VE GOT THE WASHER WITH ME.
THANKS. WOULD YOU LIKE A CUP OF COFFEE? DON'T WORRY ABOUT ALFRED, YOU'LL HEAR HIM WHEN HE COMES IN.
HOPE HE SHOWS UP SOON. I'VE GOT SIX OTHER JOBS TODAY.
ALFRED'S NEVER OUT FOR VERY LONG.
WHAT'S HE DO? LIFT WEIGHTS ALL DAY?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT ALFRED DOES. HE'S A MYSTERY MAN.
WOULD YOU OPEN THIS FOR ME?
I WANT TO TASTE THIS NEW MOUTHWASH!
SHIT!

DON'T!
WHACK
OH!
THIS MOUTHWASH IS FILLED WITH CYANIDE.
ALFRED'S HOME.
CINDY, I'M A FEDERAL OFFICER. STAY HERE. DON'T COME OUT, NO MATTER WHAT.
NO CHARGE FOR THE SINK.

HEY! YOU DON'T NEED THAT GUN.
ALFRED!
YOU! GET BACK IN THERE!
ALFRED, WHAT--?

HERE COME THE CITIZENS. AVOID A SHOOT-OUT AT ALL COSTS.
CHANK
LEAVE HIM ALONE, YOU CREEP.

YOU'RE THE MEDICINE MAN, AREN'T YOU, MR. COPPERSMITH? THE MAN WITH THE CYANIDE?
GAAK CHOKE! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME... GAAK! I'VE GOT RIGHTS!
YEAH, YOU'VE GOT RIGHTS MR. COPPERSMITH. YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO GO SPLAT WHEN YOU HIT THE PAVEMENT...
...YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO BLEED INTO THE GUTTER...
HOLD IT!


PUT HIM DOWN.
GET LOST, DAREDEVIL. HE'S MINE.
POW
ARMS ACTING INDEPENDENTLY. HE HIT THE NERVE CENTER.
YOU JUST BOUGHT YOURSELF A BOX OF TROUBLE.
I THINK WE SHOULD HAVE HAD THIS DISCUSSION YEARS AGO.

UNGH!
THUMP!
YOU WANT TO WASTE YOUR TIME RUNNING MAGGOTS THROUGH THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE MERRY-GO-ROUND, THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM..
BUT ONCE I GET 'EM, THEY'RE MINE. AND I DON'T WASTE TIME. I WASTE MAGGOTS.
THIS IS ALL SO COUNTER-PRODUCTIVE. IT'S GOING TO BE HIM OR ME, RIGHT NOW UNLESS I THINK OF SOMETHING.

HE'LL NEVER KNOW ENOUGH TO THANK ME.
SWOOSH
THUNK
WHAP
WHACK
POW!

I'M GLAD WE HAD THIS LITTLE TALK. I'M SICK OF YOUR KIND OF JUSTICE. IF YOU HAD ANY UNDERSTANDING OF WHAT THIS COUNTRY MEANS, YOU'D RESPECT DUE PROCESS.
SKIP THE SPEECH.
HOW MANY PEOPLE HAVE BEEN KILLED BY MAGGOTS WHO WALTZED IN AND OUT OF THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE SYSTEM--SET FREE TO KILL AGAIN AND AGAIN? MAGGOTS YOU COULD HAVE STOPPED? REMEMBER BULLSEYE?
THAT'S PART OF THE PRICE WE PAY FOR LIVING IN A FREE SOCIETY. ALFRED COPPERSMITH IS ENTITLED TO HIS DAY IN COURT.
OH, YEAH? WHERE IS MR. COPPERSMITH?
RIGHT BEHIND YOU.

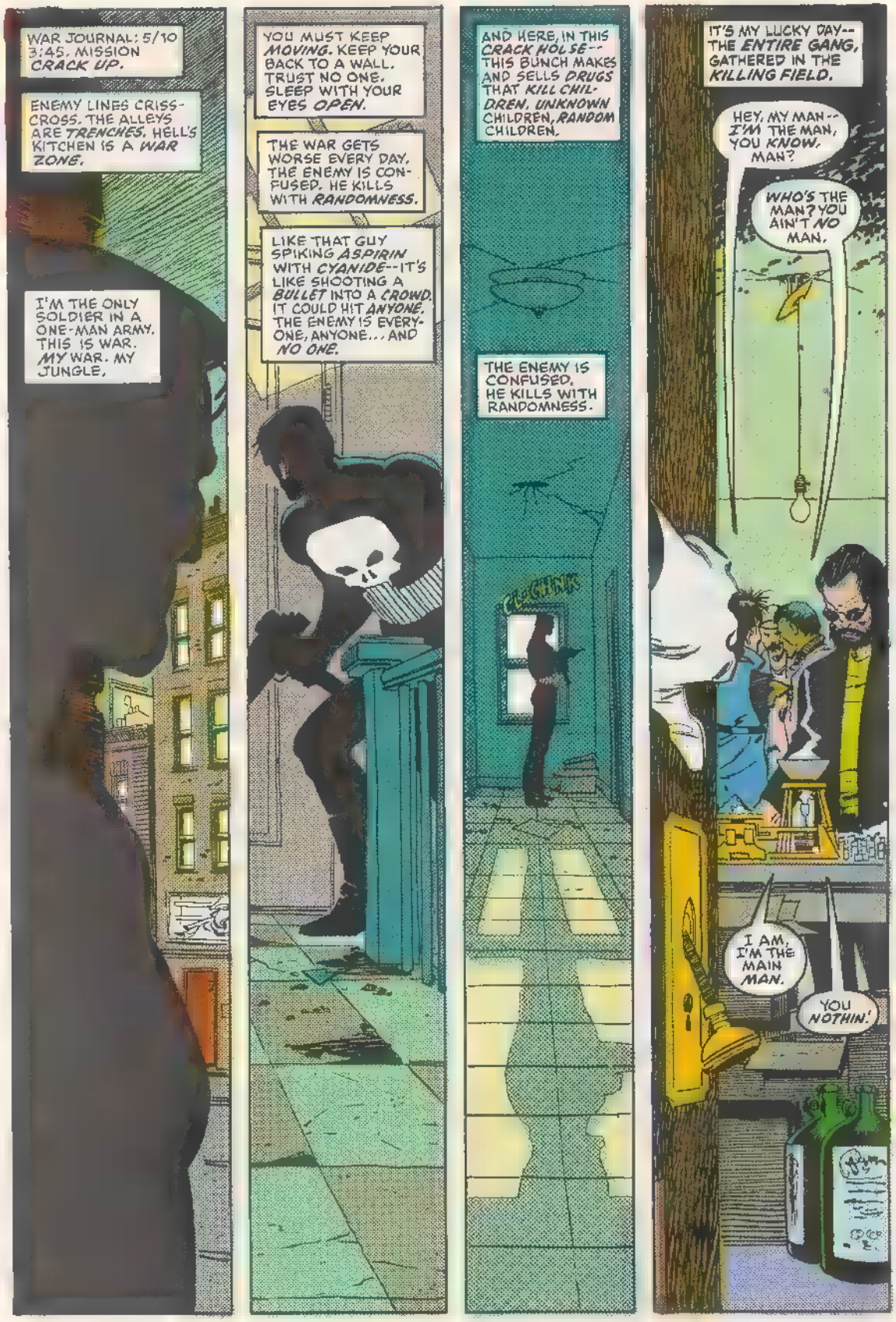
CHUNK!
HERE. I DON'T WANT PUNISHER TO THINK I'M PICKING ON HIM.
POW!
IF I DIDN'T HAVE TO TAKE COPPERSMITH IN, YOU AND I WOULD HAVE A MORE CONCLUSIVE DISCUSSION. IF EVERYONE ACTED LIKE YOU WE'D BE LIVING IN CHAOS-- CHANGE YOUR WAYS PUNISHER...
...OTHERWISE, WE'LL MEET AGAIN, SOMEWHERE DOWN THE LINE.
FINE WITH ME.
THERE HE GOES, THE SELF-APPOINTED, MASKED AVENGER OF QUEENS. HE'LL PLUG ALFRED INTO THE SYSTEM AND IN A WEEK, A MONTH, HE'LL BE OUT.

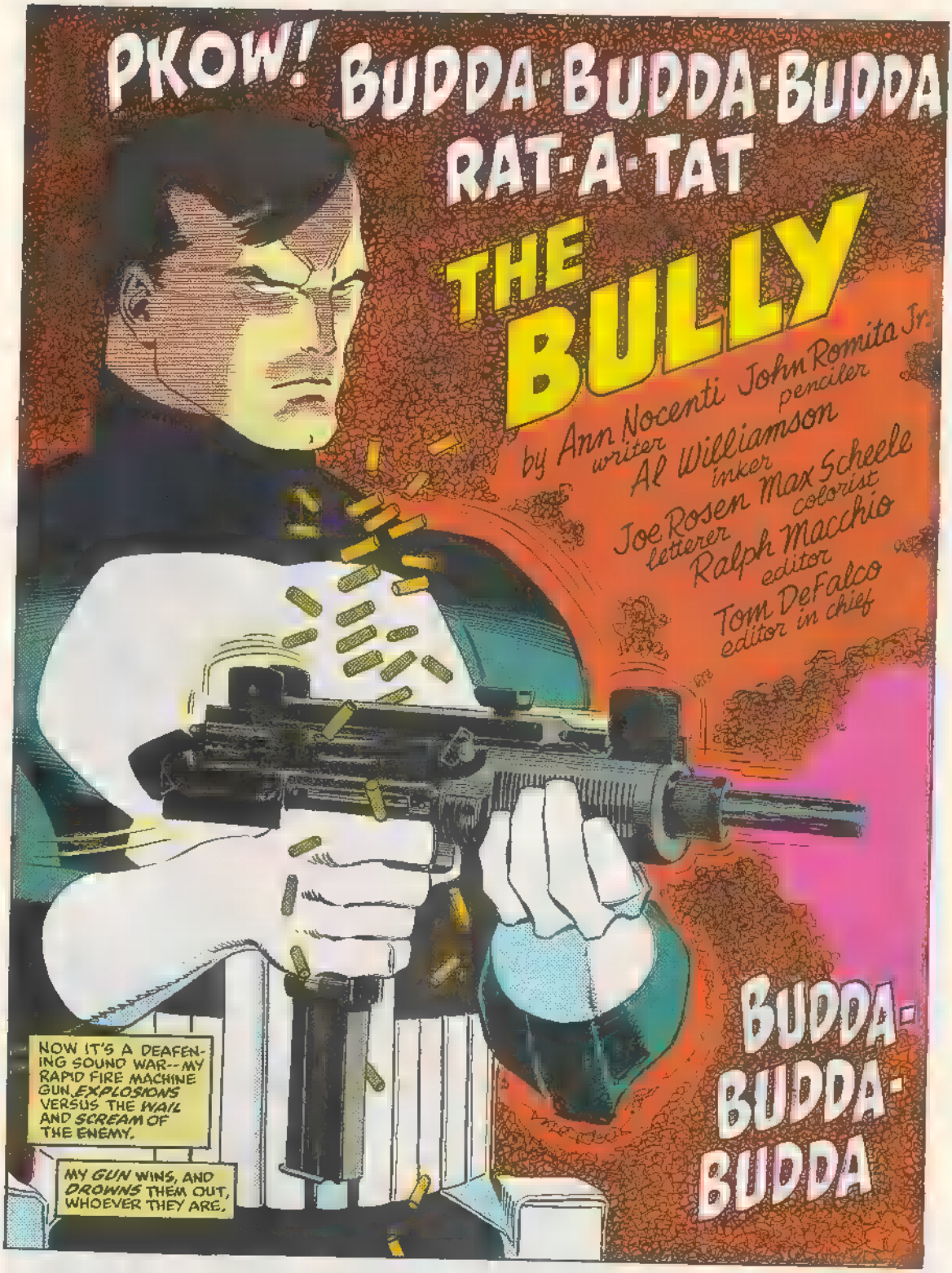
WHAT ABOUT DAREDEVIL? SOONER OR LATER WE'LL HAVE TO HAVE THAT DISCUSSION. WISH I'D HAD TIME TO COME UP WITH AN EARLIER WAY TO DELAY THAT CONFRONTATION.
WHAT DID HE DO? WHAT DID HE DO?

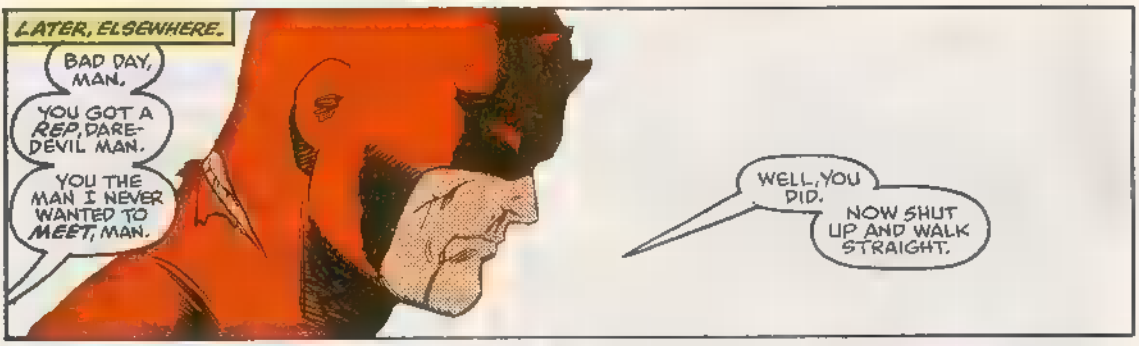
YOU'RE JUST A CREEP! I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'RE A FEDERAL AGENT--YOU'RE JUST SOME CREEP IN A COSTUME! I'M CALLING THE POLICE!
IT'S A GOOD THING I DON'T DO THIS FOR HER, OR PEOPLE LIKE HER.

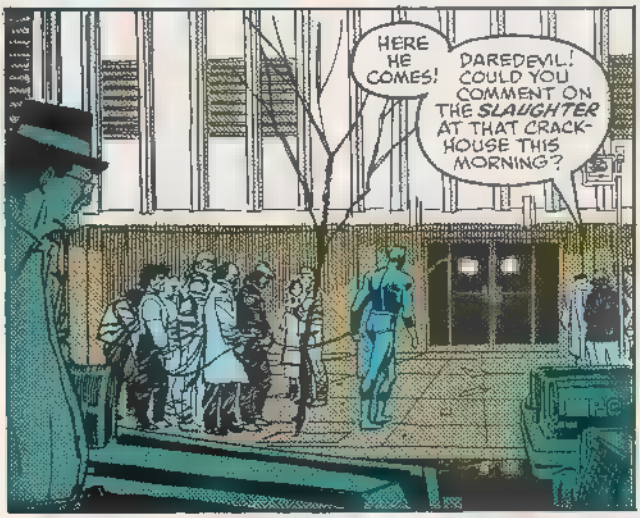
SALE NOW
STORY!

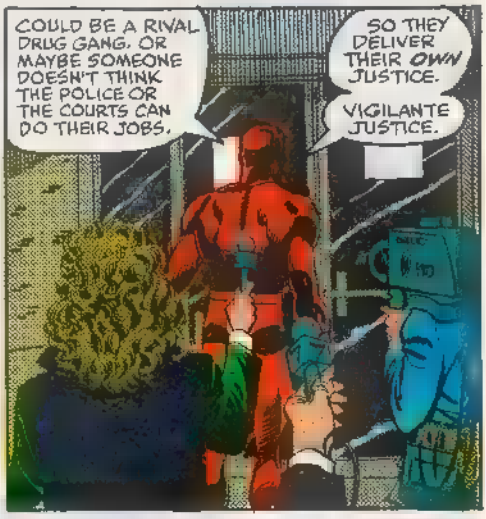
MARVEL
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
75¢ US
95¢ CAN
257
AUG
02459
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
VERSUS
THE PUNISHER!
JRJR


WAR JOURNAL: 5/10 3:45. MISSION CRACK UP.
ENEMY LINES CRISS-CROSS. THE ALLEYS ARE TRENCHES. HELL'S KITCHEN IS A WAR ZONE.
I'M THE ONLY SOLDIER IN A ONE-MAN ARMY. THIS IS WAR. MY WAR. MY JUNGLE.
YOU MUST KEEP MOVING. KEEP YOUR BACK TO A WALL. TRUST NO ONE. SLEEP WITH YOUR EYES OPEN.
THE WAR GETS WORSE EVERY DAY. THE ENEMY IS CONFUSED. HE KILLS WITH RANDOMNESS.
LIKE THAT GUY SPIKING ASPIRIN WITH CYANIDE--IT'S LIKE SHOOTING A BULLET INTO A CROWD. IT COULD HIT ANYONE. THE ENEMY IS EVERYONE, ANYONE... AND NO ONE.
AND HERE, IN THIS CRACK HOUSE--THIS BUNCH MAKES AND SELLS DRUGS THAT KILL CHILDREN. UNKNOWN CHILDREN, RANDOM CHILDREN.
THE ENEMY IS CONFUSED. HE KILLS WITH RANDOMNESS.
IT'S MY LUCKY DAY--THE ENTIRE GANG, GATHERED IN THE KILLING FIELD.
HEY, MY MAN--I'M THE MAN, YOU KNOW, MAN?
WHO'S THE MAN? YOU AIN'T NO MAN.
I AM, I'M THE MAIN MAN.
YOU NOTHIN'.

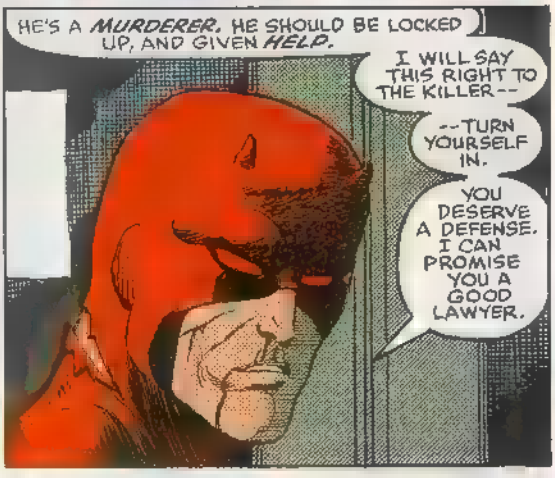

PKOW! BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA
RAT-A-TAT
THE BULLY
by Ann Nocenti John Romita Jr.
writer penciler
Al Williamson
inker
Joe Rosen Max Scheele
letterer colorist
Ralph Macchio
editor
Tom DeFalco
editor in chief
NOW IT'S A DEAFENING SOUND WAR--MY RAPID FIRE MACHINE GUN, EXPLOSIONS VERSUS THE WAIL AND SCREAM OF THE ENEMY.
MY GUN WINS, AND DROWNS THEM OUT, WHOEVER THEY ARE.
BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA

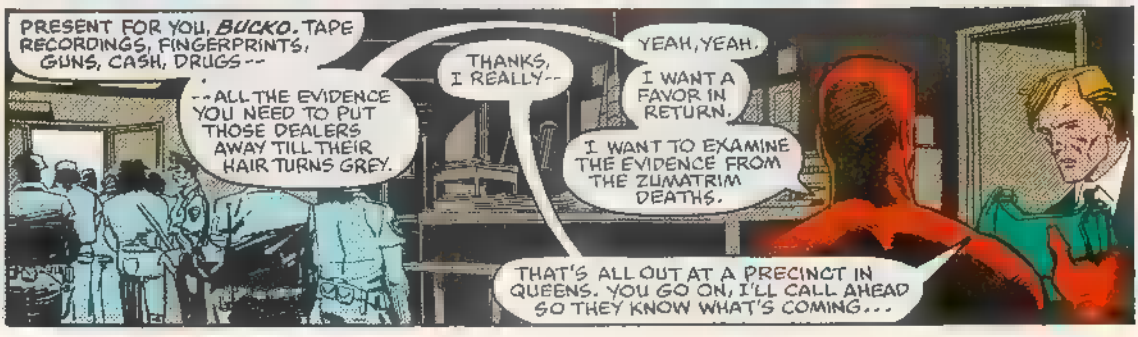

LATER, ELSEWHERE.
BAD DAY, MAN.
YOU GOT A REP, DARE-DEVIL MAN.
YOU THE MAN I NEVER WANTED TO MEET, MAN.
WELL, YOU DID.
NOW SHUT UP AND WALK STRAIGHT.

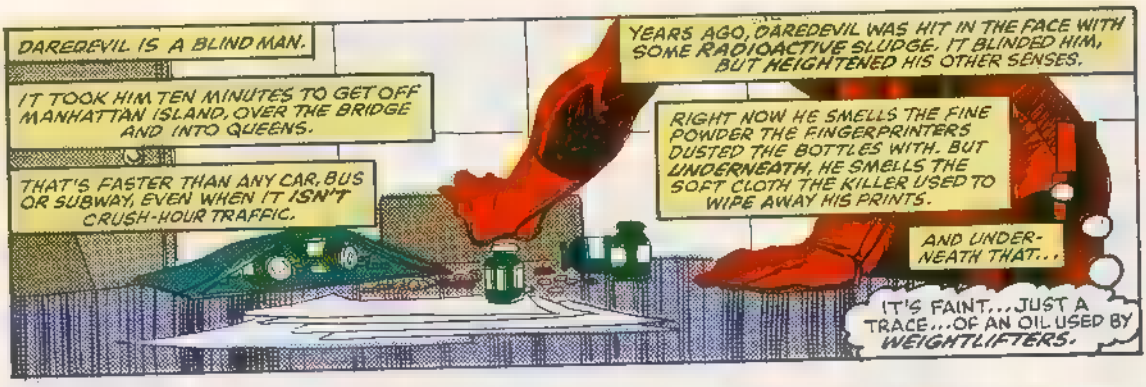

HERE HE COMES!
DAREDEVIL! COULD YOU COMMENT ON THE SLAUGHTER AT THAT CRACK-HOUSE THIS MORNING?

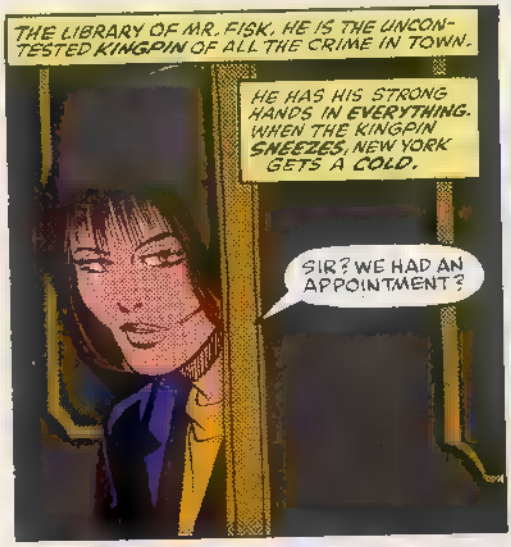

COULD BE A RIVAL DRUG GANG. OR MAYBE SOMEONE DOESN'T THINK THE POLICE OR THE COURTS CAN DO THEIR JOBS.
SO THEY DELIVER THEIR OWN JUSTICE.
VIGILANTE JUSTICE.

HOW ABOUT YOU? YOU JUST BUSTED UP ANOTHER CRACK RING. YOU DIDN'T KILL THEM ALL.
DO YOU BELIEVE THE COURTS WILL DO JUSTICE?
YES, I DO.
AND WHAT ABOUT THE ZUMATRIM ASPIRIN KYLLER? WHAT KIND OF JUSTICE FOR HIM?


HE'S A MURDERER. HE SHOULD BE LOCKED UP, AND GIVEN HELP.
I WILL SAY THIS RIGHT TO THE KILLER--
--TURN YOURSELF IN.
YOU DESERVE A DEFENSE. I CAN PROMISE YOU A GOOD LAWYER.


PRESENT FOR YOU, BUCKO. TAPE RECORDINGS, FINGERPRINTS, GUNS, CASH, DRUGS--
--ALL THE EVIDENCE YOU NEED TO PUT THOSE DEALERS AWAY TILL THEIR HAIR TURNS GREY.
THANKS, I REALLY--
YEAH, YEAH.
I WANT A FAVOR IN RETURN.
I WANT TO EXAMINE THE EVIDENCE FROM THE ZUMATRIM DEATHS.
THAT'S ALL OUT AT A PRECINCT IN QUEENS. YOU GO ON, I'LL CALL AHEAD SO THEY KNOW WHAT'S COMING...


DAREDEVIL IS A BLIND MAN.
IT TOOK HIM TEN MINUTES TO GET OFF MANHATTAN ISLAND, OVER THE BRIDGE AND INTO QUEENS.
THAT'S FASTER THAN ANY CAR, BUS OR SUBWAY, EVEN WHEN IT ISN'T CRUSH-HOUR TRAFFIC.
YEARS AGO, DAREDEVIL WAS HIT IN THE FACE WITH SOME RADIOACTIVE SLUDGE. IT BLINDED HIM, BUT HEIGHTENED HIS OTHER SENSES.
RIGHT NOW HE SMELLS THE FINE POWDER THE FINGERPRINTERS DUSTED THE BOTTLES WITH. BUT UNDERNEATH, HE SMELLS THE SOFT CLOTH THE KILLER USED TO WIPE AWAY HIS PRINTS.
AND UNDER-NEATH THAT...
IT'S FAINT... JUST A TRACE... OF AN OIL USED BY WEIGHTLIFTERS.

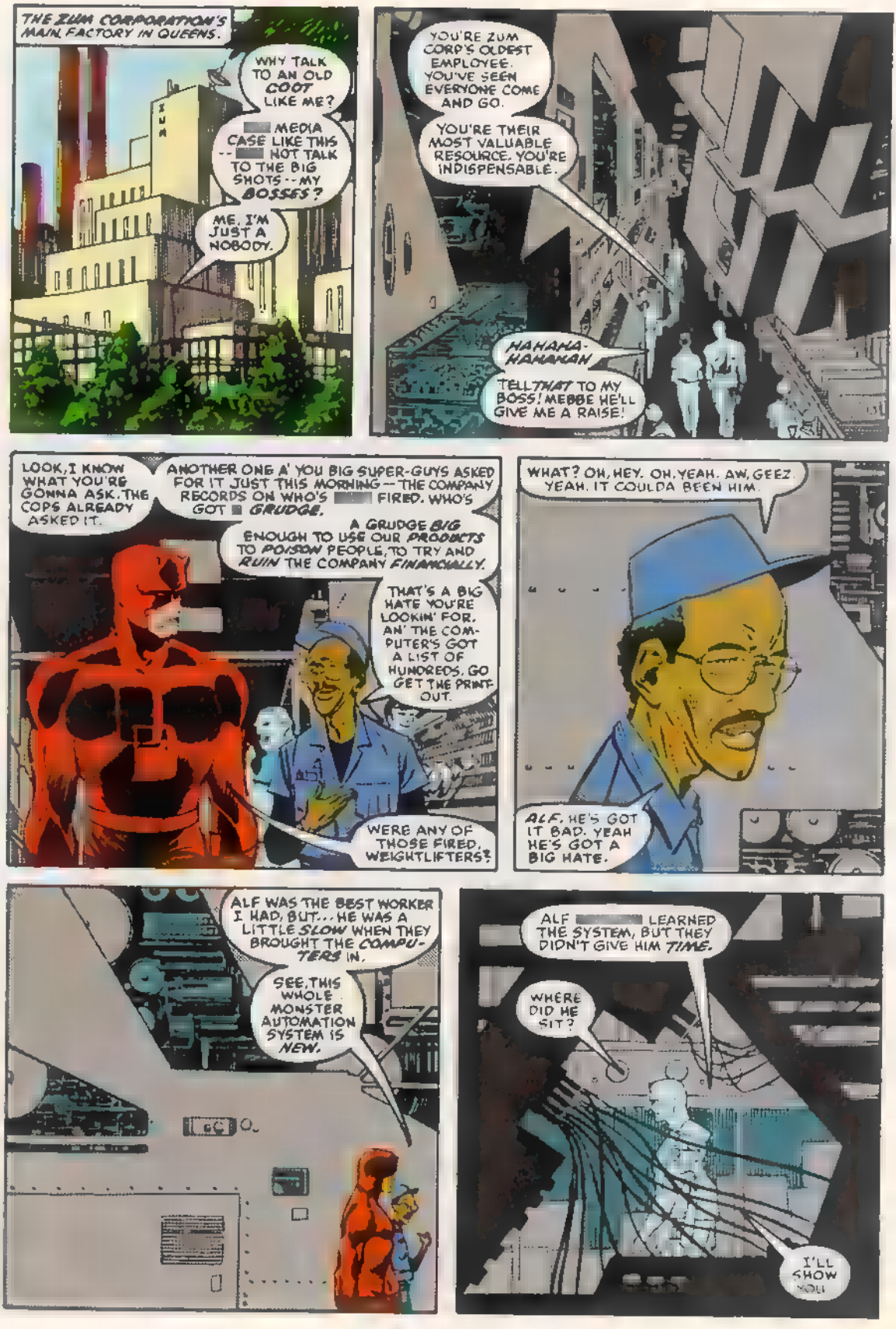

THE LIBRARY OF MR. FISK, HE IS THE UNCONTESTED KINGPIN OF ALL THE CRIME IN TOWN.
HE HAS HIS STRONG HANDS IN EVERYTHING. WHEN THE KINGPIN SNEEZES, NEW YORK GETS A COLD.
SIR? WE HAD AN APPOINTMENT?

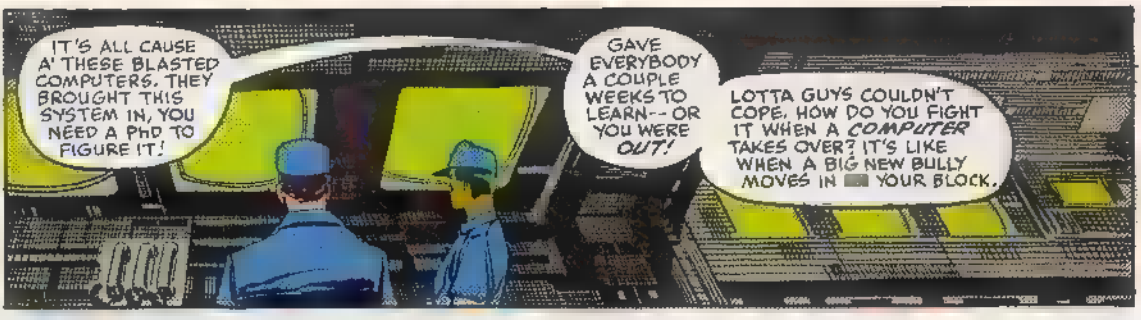
WHO ARE YOU?
MY NAME IS MARY.
THE WOMAN I WAS EXPECTING CALLS HERSELF TYPHOID, WHERE IS SHE?
I DON'T KNOW WHO THAT IS.

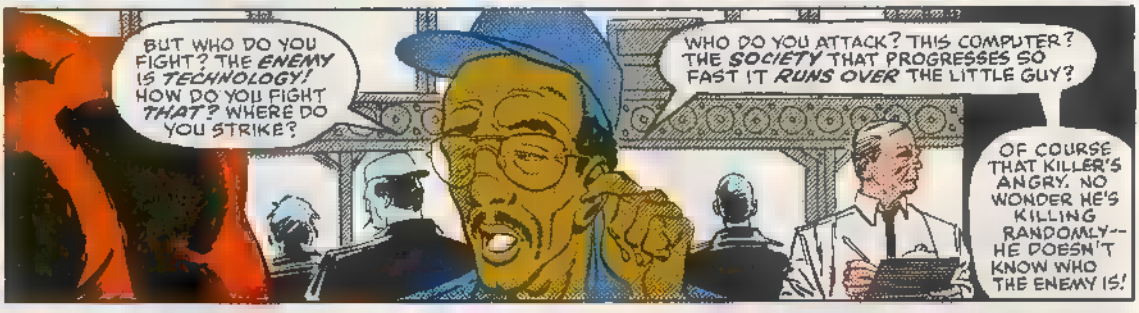
DID YOU KNOW THAT TYPHOID LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE YOU, MARY?
DON'T TOUCH ME.
TYPHOID LIKES TO BE TOUCHED.
SHE LIKES ME TO TOUCH HER.
DON'T! NO ONE TOUCHES ME, EXCEPT...

EXCEPT?
MATT MURDOCK.
I CAN'T HEAR YOU. WHO WAS THAT?
MATT MURDOCK!
GET OUT.

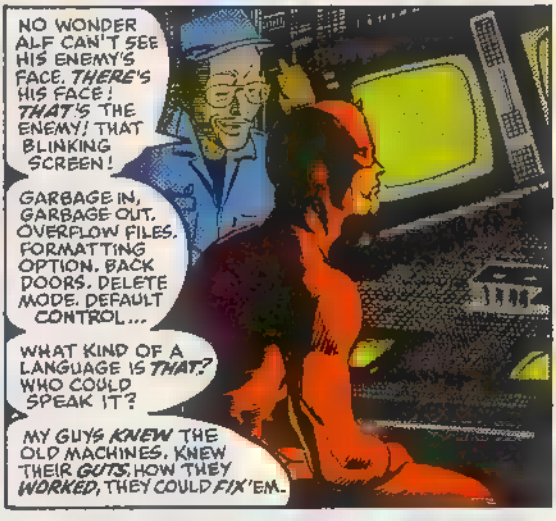
GET OUT OF HERE!
BOSS?
LET HER GO. SHE'LL BE BACK.


THE ZUM CORPORATION'S MAIN FACTORY IN QUEENS.
ZUM
WHY TALK TO AN OLD COOT LIKE ME?
[redacted] MEDIA CASE LIKE THIS -- [redacted] NOT TALK TO THE BIG SHOTS -- MY BOSSES?
ME, I'M JUST A NOBODY.
YOU'RE ZUM CORP'S OLDEST EMPLOYEE. YOU'VE SEEN EVERYONE COME AND GO.
YOU'RE THEIR MOST VALUABLE RESOURCE. YOU'RE INDISPENSABLE.
HAHAHA-HAHAHAH
TELL THAT TO MY BOSS! MEBBE HE'LL GIVE ME A RAISE!
LOOK, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GONNA ASK. THE COPS ALREADY ASKED IT.
ANOTHER ONE A' YOU BIG SUPER-GUYS ASKED FOR IT JUST THIS MORNING -- THE COMPANY RECORDS ON WHO'S [redacted] FIRED. WHO'S GOT [redacted] GRUDGE.
A GRUDGE BIG ENOUGH TO USE OUR PRODUCTS TO POISON PEOPLE, TO TRY AND RUIN THE COMPANY FINANCIALLY.
THAT'S A BIG HATE YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR. AN' THE COMPUTER'S GOT A LIST OF HUNDREDS. GO GET THE PRINT-OUT.
WERE ANY OF THOSE FIRED, WEIGHTLIFTERS?
WHAT? OH, HEY. OH, YEAH. AW, GEEZ. YEAH. IT COULDA BEEN HIM.
ALF. HE'S GOT IT BAD. YEAH HE'S GOT A BIG HATE.
ALF WAS THE BEST WORKER I HAD, BUT... HE WAS A LITTLE SLOW WHEN THEY BROUGHT THE COMPUTERS IN.
SEE, THIS WHOLE MONSTER AUTOMATION SYSTEM IS NEW.
ALF [redacted] LEARNED THE SYSTEM, BUT THEY DIDN'T GIVE HIM TIME.
WHERE DID HE SIT?
I'LL SHOW YOU!

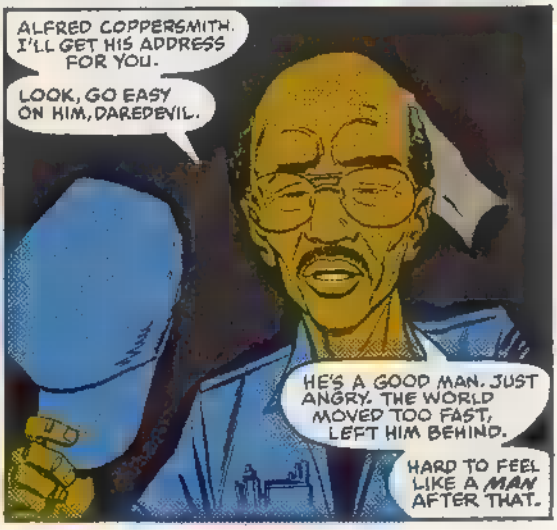

IT'S ALL CAUSE A' THESE BLASTED COMPUTERS. THEY BROUGHT THIS SYSTEM IN, YOU NEED A PhD TO FIGURE IT!
GAVE EVERYBODY A COUPLE WEEKS TO LEARN-- OR YOU WERE OUT!
LOTTA GUYS COULDN'T COPE. HOW DO YOU FIGHT IT WHEN A COMPUTER TAKES OVER? IT'S LIKE WHEN A BIG NEW BULLY MOVES IN YOUR BLOCK.


BUT WHO DO YOU FIGHT? THE ENEMY IS TECHNOLOGY! HOW DO YOU FIGHT THAT? WHERE DO YOU STRIKE?
WHO DO YOU ATTACK? THIS COMPUTER? THE SOCIETY THAT PROGRESSES SO FAST IT RUNS OVER THE LITTLE GUY?
OF COURSE THAT KILLER'S ANGRY. NO WONDER HE'S KILLING RANDOMLY-- HE DOESN'T KNOW WHO THE ENEMY IS!

LOOK-- HERE'S THE KID WHO TOOK OVER ALF'S SEAT. YOUNG PUNK, JUST OUTTA HIGH SCHOOL. COMPUTER WHIZ KID, NICE KID.
BUT ALF WAS HUMILIATED. KID HALF HIS AGE.
TAKE A WALK, JACKIE.
SURE, BOSS.

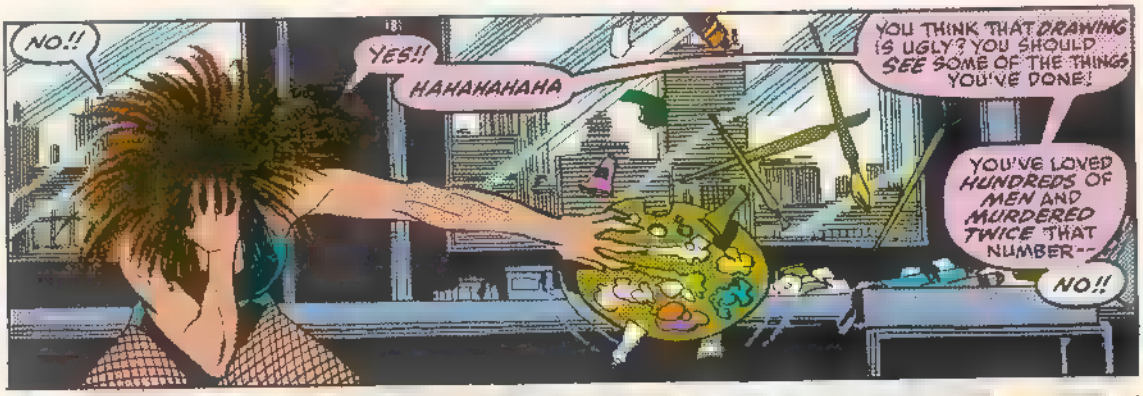

NO WONDER ALF CAN'T SEE HIS ENEMY'S FACE. THERE'S HIS FACE! THAT'S THE ENEMY! THAT BLINKING SCREEN!
GARBAGE IN, GARBAGE OUT. OVERFLOW FILES. FORMATTING OPTION. BACK DOORS. DELETE MODE. DEFAULT CONTROL...
WHAT KIND OF A LANGUAGE IS THAT? WHO COULD SPEAK IT?
MY GUYS KNEW THE OLD MACHINES. KNEW THEIR GUTS. HOW THEY WORKED, THEY COULD FIX 'EM.

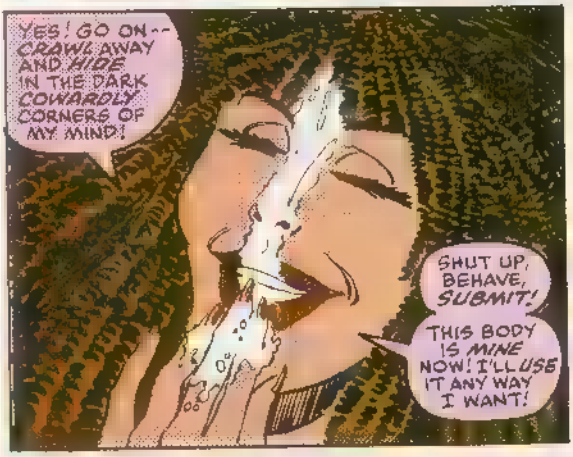
NOW IT'S ALL A MYSTERY. SYSTEM BREAKS, WE'RE HELPLESS. CALL IN THE EXPERTS.
YOU HEAR WHAT I'M SAYIN'?
YES. I UNDERSTAND... HOW HE MUST HAVE FELT.

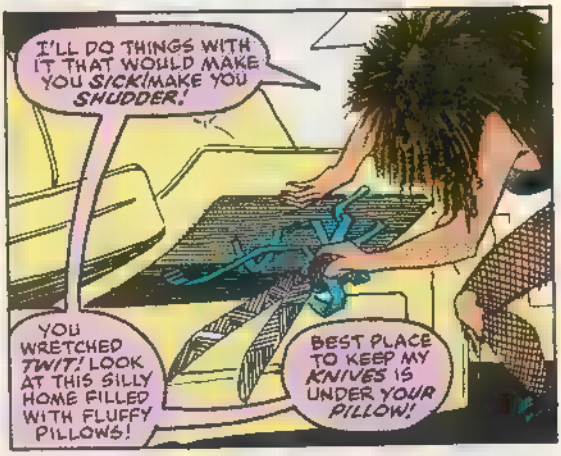

ALFRED COPPERSMITH. I'LL GET HIS ADDRESS FOR YOU.
LOOK, GO EASY ON HIM, DAREDEVIL.
HE'S A GOOD MAN. JUST ANGRY. THE WORLD MOVED TOO FAST, LEFT HIM BEHIND.
HARD TO FEEL LIKE A MAN AFTER THAT.

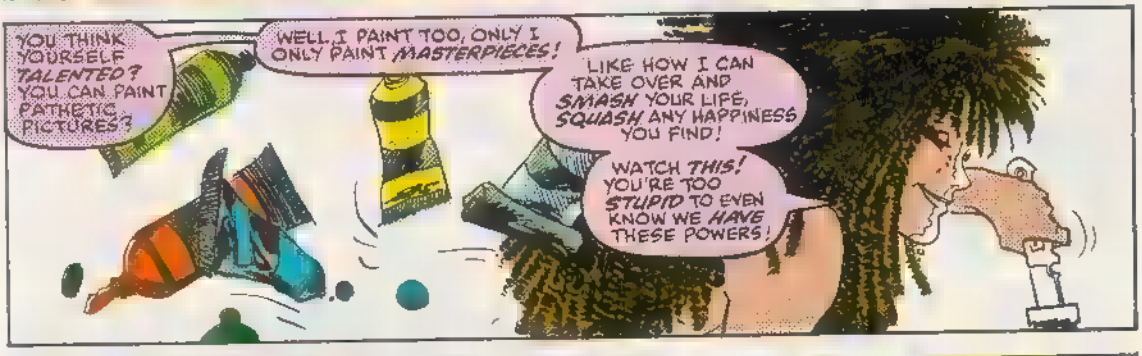
ELSEWHERE IN QUEENS.
HUMPHF!
TWENTY!
NO PAIN, NO GAIN.
GOTTA GET PAST THE PAIN.
GETTIN' TIRED, GOTTA TRY AN' SLEEP TONIGHT.
TOO MANY NIGHTMARES. CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT THOSE ZUM BUMS, HOW THEY FIRED ME.
I'M TIRED A' BEIN' SO FULL OF HATE.
GAVE THEM MY BEST, MY BEST YEARS, SLAVED FOR THEM.
HURMF!
TWENTY-ONE. BEIN' THE BEST AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH NO MORE.
CAN WORK ON MY BODY, MAKE IT THE BEST. WHAT ELSE CAN A MAN DO?
NOTHIN'S GOOD ENOUGH ANYMORE.
I HATE THEM. GAVE 'EM MY LABOR MY SWEAT MY LIFE!
I HATE THEM. AN' I'M TIRED OF HATING. HATE THEM COMPUTERS.
NOW THEY'RE EVERYWHERE, COMPUTERS. I COULDA BEAT 'EM.
WISH I HAD JUST ONE ENEMY AND HE HAD A FACE I COULD SMASH.
BUT NO, GOTTA DO IT THIS WAY, 'CAUSE HE'S EVERYWHERE.
HROOUUF!
TWENTY-TWO.
ALL MEN, ANY MAN. MY ENEMY IS FACELESS.
I'LL MAKE 'EM ALL PAY.

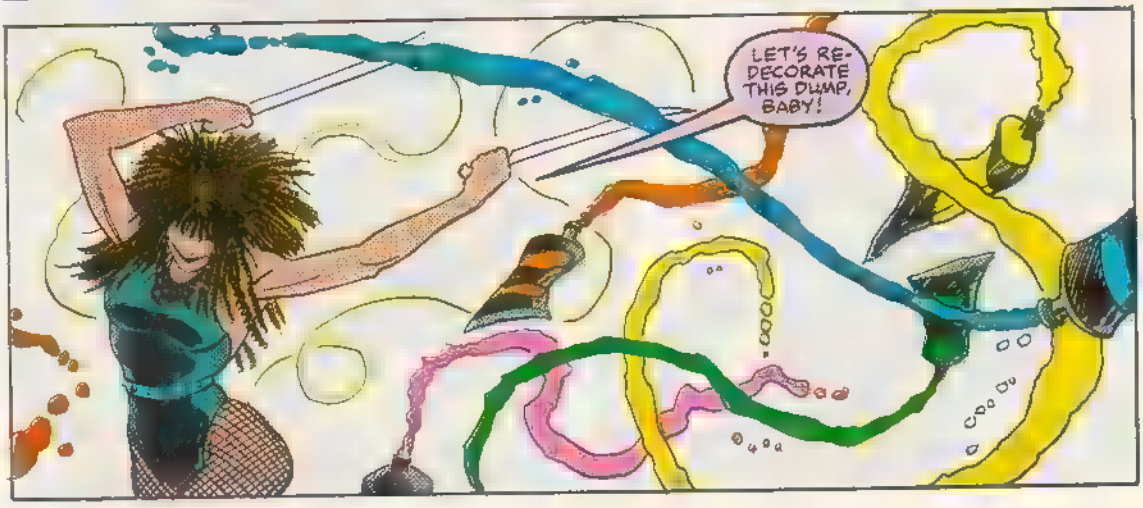
MANHATTAN.
SO WONDERFUL TO DRAW AGAIN.
IT'S BECAUSE OF MATT. I'VE FOUND MY MUSE.
FUNNY, HOW LOVE DOES THAT--INSPIRES YOU TO CREATE.
LOVE IS A MUSE.
I'M SO HAPPY.
HAPPINESS, WHAT A SILLY WORD. WONDERFUL, SILLY HAPPINESS.
SO HARD TO TRUST IT...
WELL, I'LL MEET MATT LATER, AND...
AND WHAT?
AND I'LL...
KISS HIM? YOU LITTLE SLUT.
NO! I'M NOT...
YES YOU ARE. YOU'RE A WEAK PATHETIC SNIVELING SLUT!
NO! SHUT UP! GET OUT OF MY HEAD!
HAHAHAHAHA
I WON'T LET YOU BULLY ME--
--WHAT HAVE I DONE? WHO DREW THIS HORRIBLE--
YOU DID!
APRIL 1988
NO! NOT ME!
NOT ME!
HAHAHAHA HAHAH
OH GOD WHAT AM I WEARING?!!


NO!!
YES!!
HAHAHAHAHA
YOU THINK THAT DRAWING IS UGLY? YOU SHOULD SEE SOME OF THE THINGS YOU'VE DONE!
YOU'VE LOVED HUNDREDS OF MEN AND MURDERED TWICE THAT NUMBER--
NO!!

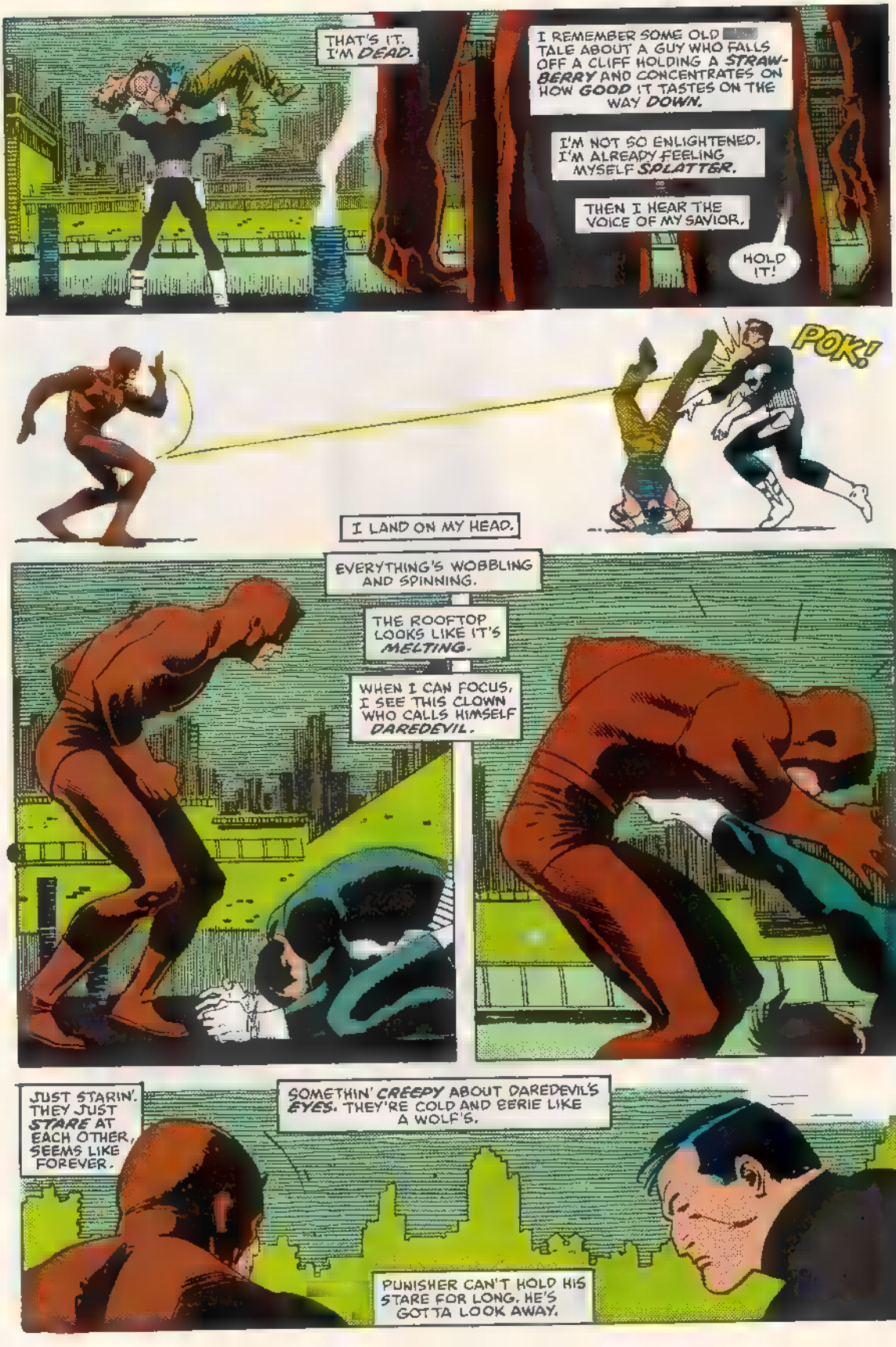

YES! GO ON-- CRAWL AWAY AND HIDE IN THE DARK COWARDLY CORNERS OF MY MIND!
SHUT UP, BEHAVE, SUBMIT!
THIS BODY IS MINE NOW! I'LL USE IT ANY WAY I WANT!

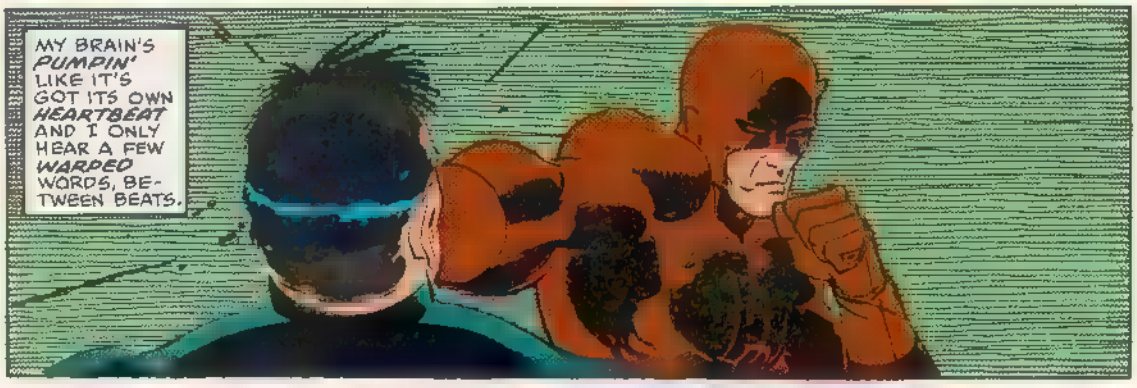

I'LL DO THINGS WITH IT THAT WOULD MAKE YOU SICK/MAKE YOU SHUDDER!
YOU WRETCHED TWIT! LOOK AT THIS SILLY HOME FILLED WITH FLUFFY PILLOWS!
BEST PLACE TO KEEP MY KNIVES IS UNDER YOUR PILLOW!


YOU THINK YOURSELF TALENTED? YOU CAN PAINT PATHETIC PICTURES?
WELL, I PAINT TOO, ONLY I ONLY PAINT MASTERPIECES!
LIKE HOW I CAN TAKE OVER AND SMASH YOUR LIFE, SQUASH ANY HAPPINESS YOU FIND!
WATCH THIS! YOU'RE TOO STUPID TO EVEN KNOW WE HAVE THESE POWERS!

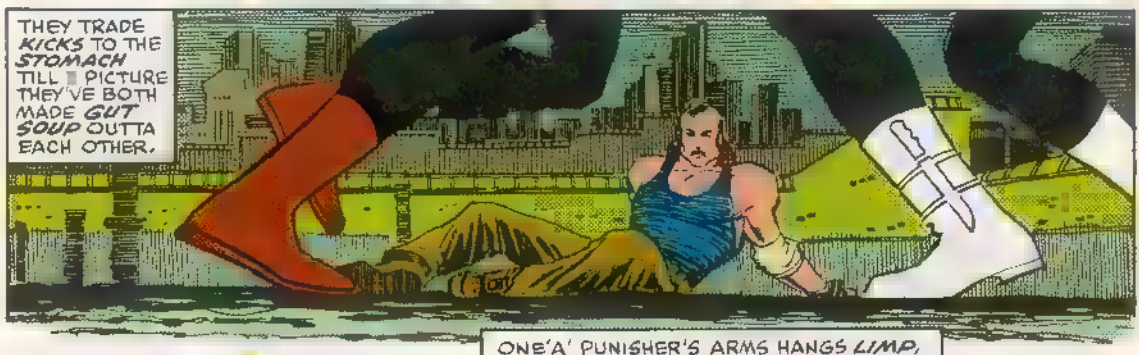

LET'S RE-DECORATE THIS DUMP, BABY!

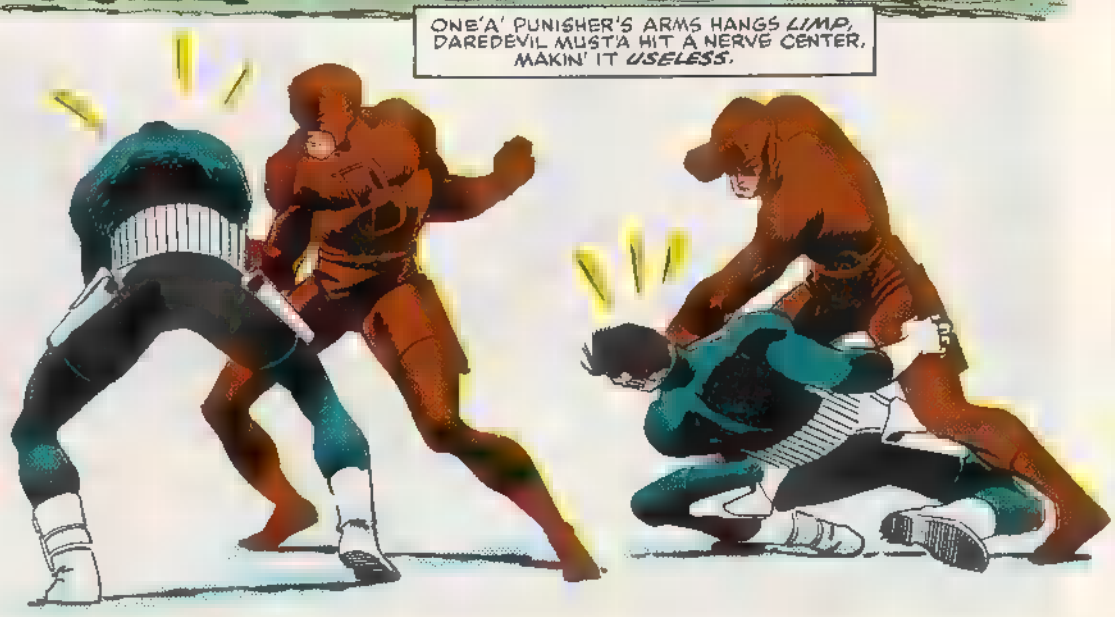
I LOVE IT!
SO LONG, MARY-- TYPHOID'S BACK ON TOP!
AND SHE'S MORE POWERFUL THAN EVER!
TIME TO ROCK AN' ROLL!
THINK I'LL GO SEE THAT [redacted] SEXY KINGPIN!
SEE WHAT THE BIG BOY'S MADE OF.
ELSEWHERE, THE PUNISHER HAS CAUGHT UP WITH ALFRED COPPERSMITH--
HEY! I GOT RIGHTS!
YEAH, YOU DO.
YOU GOT THE RIGHT TO GO SPLAT ON THE PAVEMENT!


THAT'S IT. I'M DEAD.
I REMEMBER SOME OLD TALE ABOUT A GUY WHO FALLS OFF A CLIFF HOLDING A STRAWBERRY AND CONCENTRATES ON HOW GOOD IT TASTES ON THE WAY DOWN.
I'M NOT SO ENLIGHTENED. I'M ALREADY FEELING MYSELF SPLATTER.
THEN I HEAR THE VOICE OF MY SAVIOR.
HOLD IT!
POK!
I LAND ON MY HEAD.
EVERYTHING'S WOBBLING AND SPINNING.
THE ROOFTOP LOOKS LIKE IT'S MELTING.
WHEN I CAN FOCUS, I SEE THIS CLOWN WHO CALLS HIMSELF DAREDEVIL.
JUST STARIN'. THEY JUST STARE AT EACH OTHER, SEEMS LIKE FOREVER.
SOMETHIN' CREEPY ABOUT DAREDEVIL'S EYES. THEY'RE COLD AND EERIE LIKE A WOLF'S.
PUNISHER CAN'T HOLD HIS STARE FOR LONG. HE'S GOTTA LOOK AWAY.


MY BRAIN'S *PUMPIN'* LIKE IT'S GOT ITS OWN *HEARTBEAT* AND I ONLY HEAR A FEW *WARPED* WORDS, BE-TWEEN BEATS.

I COULDA SWORE DAREDEVIL SAYS SOMETHIN' ABOUT WANTING TO HAVE A *TALK*, BUT IT MUST BE A *JOKE* 'CAUSE RIGHT OFF THEY START SLAMMIN' HEADS.


THEY TRADE *KICKS* TO THE *STOMACH* TILL ▮ PICTURE THEY'VE BOTH MADE *GUT SOUP* OUTTA EACH OTHER.


ONE'A' PUNISHER'S ARMS HANGS *LIMP*, DAREDEVIL MUST'A HIT A NERVE CENTER, MAKIN' IT *USELESS*.

I HEAR SOME MORE WORDS. PUNISHER SAYS SOMETHIN' ABOUT MAGGOTS RIDIN' A JUSTICE MERRY-GO-ROUND.
DAREDEVIL SAYS SOMETHIN' ABOUT EVEN MAGGOTS DESERVIN' DEFENSE.
I REALIZE THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ME. COUPLE'A BIG BULLIES BEATIN' ON EACH OTHER TO SEE WHO WINS ME, WHO GETS TO DECIDE MY FATE.
SO STUPID. THEY THINK THEY GOT SOMETHIN' TO ARGUE ABOUT. BUT THEY DON'T, 'CAUSE THEY'RE THE SAME GUY.
THERE'S NO DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TWO OF THEM. BOTH BULLIES, AN' ALL BULLIES THINK THEY'RE THE ONE THAT'S RIGHT.
EVERYBODY CAN'T [redacted] RIGHT.

MY HEAD HURTS.
I SHOULD RUN AWAY. THESE GUYS SEEM TO HAVE FORGOTTEN ME.
BUT I CAN'T MOVE. IT'S LIKE I'M TRANSFIXED BY THESE FIGHTERS.
I THINK OF DOGS, FIGHTING OVER A PIECE OF TURF OR A BONE. I THINK OF KIDS, FIGHTING TO BE THE BIGGEST BULLY ON THE BLOCK.
I THINK THEY'RE BOTH NUTS. I HEAR A FEW MORE WORDS. THE GUY WITH THE SKULLHEAD THINKS I'M A MAGGOT, AND I'LL WALTZ OUT OF JAIL IN NO TIME.
SO HE FIGURES -- KILL ME NOW, BEFORE I KILL AGAIN. MAKES SENSE.
THE RED GUY WITH HORNS THINKS THE BUNGLING COURT SYSTEM'S A SMALL PRICE FOR A FREE SOCIETY. HE SAYS IF WE IGNORE THE JUSTICE SYSTEM, THERE'D JUST BE ANARCHY. HE MAKES SENSE TOO.
FUNNY, THESE TWO GUYS FIGHTIN' OVER ME, TALKIN' 'BOUT ME LIKE I AIN'T EVEN HERE. SOMEHOW, WATCHIN' THESE TWO, I'M STARTIN' TO FORGET JUST WHO IT WAS I HATED SO MUCH. MEBBE IT'S THEM.
WHAT'S THIS? PUNISHER'S PULLIN' A GUN! HE'S POINTIN' IT --!

OUCH! REDMAN'S GOT EYES IN BACK OF HIS HEAD!

I GOTTA GET UP, GOTTA RUN AWAY.

BUT...I JUST CAN'T STOP WATCHING.

THESE GUYS...THEY USE JUDO THROWS AND KARATE KICKS AND WRESTLING HOLDS AND DANCE AN' PUNCH LIKE BOXERS, LIKE THE GREATS...

THIS IS BETTER THAN ANY RINGSIDE SEAT, ANY FIGHT I EVER BEEN TO.

I FEEL LIKE I'M WITNESSING SOMETHIN' SUPERHUMAN, SOMETHIN' SPECIAL AN' POWERFUL...

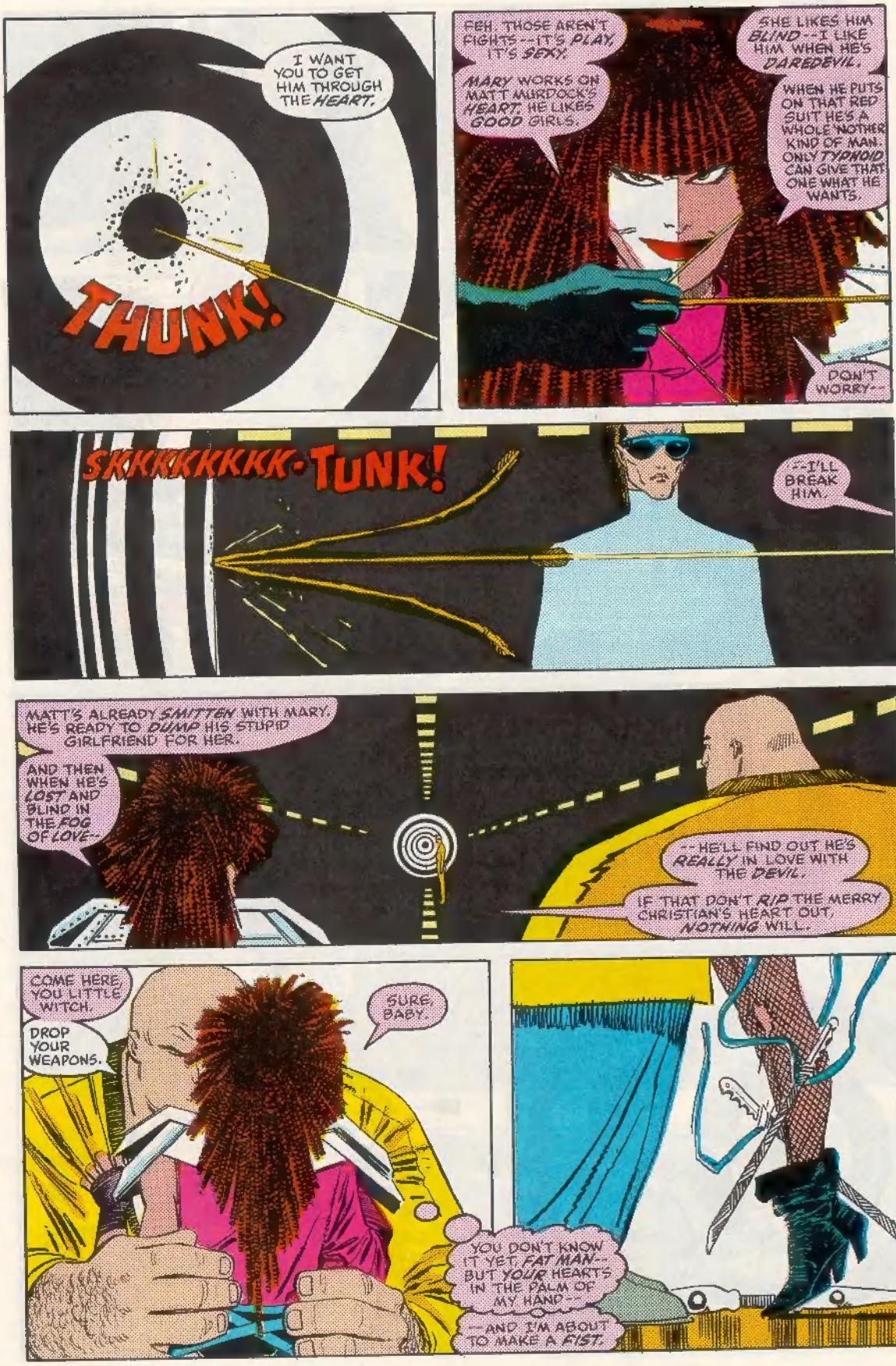
LIKE THIS IS THE BEST OF THE BEST...

AN' THEY'RE FIGHTIN' OVER ME...

HEY! THERE'S THE PUNISHER'S GUN...

HAD ENOUGH *TALK*, PUNISHER? HAVE I MADE MY POINT?
I'M TAKING MY MAN IN. MR. COPPERSMITH IS ENTITLED TO HIS DAY IN COURT.
OH YEAH? WHERE *IS* MR. COPPERSMITH?
RIGHT BEHIND YOU.
I FIGURE I'LL SHOOT THEM IN THE LEGS. *CRIPPLE* 'EM AN' *RUN*.
BUT OL' HORNHEAD *CHUCK'S* THAT THING *FASTER* THAN I CAN *THINK*.
I DON'T REMEMBER *NOTHIN'* AFTER THAT.
WHAT'S THE MATTER, *BIG* MAN, YOU THINK I'M LOSING *CONTROL*?

SHUNK!
I WANT TO KNOW WHY MARY WAS DOMINANT THIS MORNING.
I LET HER TAKE OVER.
I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO MEET HER.
IT'S TYPHOID I WANT ON TOP OF THINGS, YOU KNOW THAT.
YOUR SHOT.
MARY'S A WIMP I CAN BULLY HER AWAY ANYTIME I WANT.
SHUNK!
JUST REMEMBER WHAT I'M PAYING YOU THE MILLION FOR.
I WANT MURDOCK TO TAKE AN EMOTIONAL BLOODBATH, NOT A PHYSICAL ONE.
I DON'T SEE WHY YOU HAVE TO FIGHT HIM.


I WANT YOU TO GET HIM THROUGH THE HEART.
THUNK!
FEH. THOSE AREN'T FIGHTS--IT'S PLAY. IT'S SEXY.
MARY WORKS ON MATT MURDOCK'S HEART. HE LIKES GOOD GIRLS.
SHE LIKES HIM BLIND--I LIKE HIM WHEN HE'S DAREDEVIL.
WHEN HE PUTS ON THAT RED SUIT HE'S A WHOLE 'NOTHER KIND OF MAN. ONLY TYPHOID CAN GIVE THAT ONE WHAT HE WANTS.
DON'T WORRY--
SKKKKKKKK-TUNK!
--I'LL BREAK HIM.
MATT'S ALREADY SMITTEN WITH MARY. HE'S READY TO DUMP HIS STUPID GIRLFRIEND FOR HER.
AND THEN WHEN HE'S LOST AND BLIND IN THE FOG OF LOVE--
--HE'LL FIND OUT HE'S REALLY IN LOVE WITH THE DEVIL.
IF THAT DON'T RIP THE MERRY CHRISTIAN'S HEART OUT, NOTHING WILL.
COME HERE, YOU LITTLE WITCH.
DROP YOUR WEAPONS.
SURE, BABY.
YOU DON'T KNOW IT YET, FAT MAN--BUT YOUR HEART'S IN THE PALM OF MY HAND--
--AND I'M ABOUT TO MAKE A FIST.

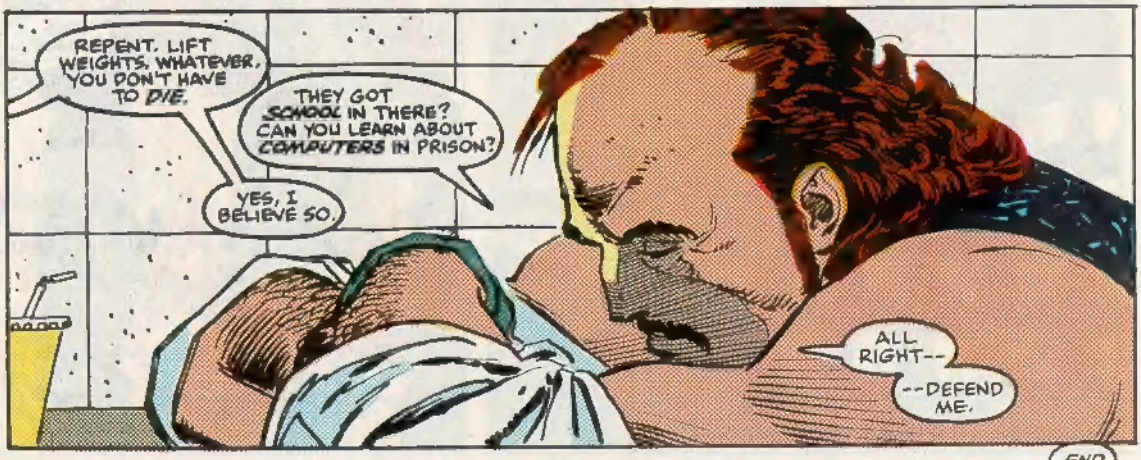
AND LATER...
I ONLY HAVE A MOMENT MORE, I HAVE TO BE AT THE JAILHOUSE.
WHAT DID YOU DO ALL DAY, MARY?
I...WAS HOME, I DID A PAINTING...
HER HEARTBEAT JUMPED. SHE'S LYING!
MATT, I WANT TO BE WITH YOU, SEE YOU MORE, BUT YOU'RE ALWAYS BUSY!
I'M ALWAYS ALONE, I'M AFRAID TO BE ALONE!
LET'S DUCK IN HERE.
OH--I DON'T LIKE CHURCHES...
I CAN'T SEE YOU TOO OFTEN, MARY--NOT UNTIL I TELL KAREN WHAT'S GOING ON. IT'S NOT FAIR TO DECEIVE HER.
BUT...I MUST THINK AND BE SURE, THIS WILL BREAK HER HEART, AND THAT'S ONE OF THE WORST THINGS YOU CAN DO TO SOMEONE...
...PERHAPS I JUST HAVE NO RIGHT TO DO THAT, TO DESTROY SOMEONE WHO TRUSTS ME,
MATT! HOLD ME...
SSSSSSS
HOLD ME TIGHT...
I'M SCARED...
WHY? OF WHAT?
FOOOSH
FOOOSH
SWOOOSH!
JUST KISS ME...
KISS MMMM...

LATER, AT A MANHATTAN COP SHOP...
WE'RE IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM NOW, MR. MURDOCK. THERE'S A TABLE. AND MR. COPPERSMITH IS...
OKAY, OKAY.
YOU SURE YOU WANT TO BE ALONE...
YES, PLEASE GO.
I'LL BE RIGHT OUTSIDE...
FINE, FINE.

YOU THE GUY DAREDEVIL PROMISED TO GET ME?
YES.
I DON'T NEED YOU. PUNISHER SAID I'D BE OUT IN A MONTH. AND HE'S WATIN' FOR ME WITH HIS GUN.
MAYBE THAT'S WHAT I NEED.

THE PUNISHER IS WRONG. THE COURTS WORK. YOU MURDERED SEVERAL TIMES. YOU HAVE TO PAY FOR THAT. MAYBE WITH A LIFE SENTENCE.
SO THE PUNISHER'S JUSTICE WAS RIGHT ON. I MIGHT AS WELL EAT MY OWN CYANIDE.
NO. YOU CAN PLEAD TEMPORARY INSANITY, EXTENUATING CIRCUM-STANCE.

SOCIETY MUST TAKE CARE OF THE PEOPLE IT CRUSHES. THE COURTS ARE NOT WITHOUT MERCY.
IF YOU BEHAVE WELL IN PRISON, YOU'LL GET PAROLED IN TEN YEARS.
YOU STILL HAVE YOUR INNER LIFE. YOU CAN DO THINGS IN PRISON.


REPENT. LIFT WEIGHTS. WHATEVER. YOU DON'T HAVE TO DIE.
THEY GOT SCHOOL IN THERE? CAN YOU LEARN ABOUT COMPUTERS IN PRISON?
YES, I BELIEVE SO.
ALL RIGHT--
--DEFEND ME.

END